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THE
C A B A L;

— K
As Acted at the

THEATRE

IN


GEORGE-STREET.

Nor courts the Smiles, nor dreads the Frowns of Kings.

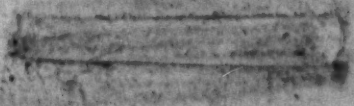
Prophecy of FAMINE.

L O N D O N:

H. marriner.

Printed for  near
the New Church in the Strand.

M DCC LXIII.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke SHALLOW.

Lord GRIPUS.

Colonel STANDARD.

Colonel DREADNOUGHT.

Doctor FORESIGHT.

Goddeſs DISCORD.

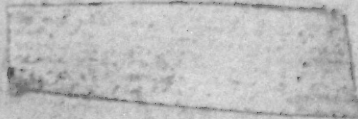
LIBERTY.

Lord VALIANT.

PRINTER.

Printer's DEVIL.

Attendants and Meſſengers.



T O T H E
P U B L I C.

WHEN the Tide of Party Zeal seems to be at Ebb, one may venture upon it, without Fear of being beat down by the Current. The Earth is pouring forth her Fruits, assuring us Plenty ; Peace has spread her Olive Branches, yet we, ungrateful Mortals, are quarrelling under its Shade :

“ The fierce North Briton foaming at our Head.”

From whence arises our Discontent ? Because the Sword is sheathed, and the Rivers, that flowed with Christian Blood, will now dry up, for Want of fresh Supply ? I dare believe, that every Man, that has the true Feeling of Humanity, will rejoice at this Direction of Providence. The Country will no longer sigh for Want of Hands to reap the Fruits of their Labour, and nought is now wanting, but Unanimity, to tie the Bonds of Peace. Then this Clamour of Discontent is not the Voice of the People, but comes from a factious discarded Party, who cannot bear to see high Offices, and lucrative Employments of Govern-

ment, in the Possession of any others but themselves. They endeavour to make you believe, that they have the *true* Interest of the Public at Heart, and that their Struggles are solely for the public Welfare. Is it not notorious, that when they held the Reins of Government they were leading us, like a Will of the Wisp, into Destruction? Is it not also notorious, that when the Voice of the People ushered in Mr. P—, they then stood a discontented Party? I own, I look upon it utterly insignificant to the Public, who directs at the Helm, provided he steers right. The People of *England* are, and, I hope, ever will be, most tenacious of that Liberty, which this Nation alone can glory in; but unless they act upon justifiable Principles in the Support of it, or make too free of that Blessing, Licensiousness gets unmuzzled. Then where can Liberty fly for Refuge, to avoid that Monster who seeks to devour her? Liberty is to be treated with Delicacy. To preserve her your own, be careful lest you neglect her, and cautious of being too free with her. Entering into Cabals, forming of Parties, to enflame a giddy Multitude, must, if not checked in its Minority, totally destroy this great Bulwark of our Defence, then farewell to Rights and Properties. The Freedom of the Press is a most peculiar Happiness, and founded upon the most constitutional Principles. It is an Encouragement

ment to Learning, as Nature makes Men emulous of shewing their Talents. It gives the Judicious Opportunities of declaring their Sentiments, by which Government gathers many useful Hints tending to public Welfare; but when Invectives and Scurrility become its Productions, it then behoves that Power which defends it, to clarify it from such Weeds of Sedition. It is no very difficult Matter, for a Man of Letters, to hurry the Multitude into Madness, or sooth them into Reason. Then, what has been the Effect of the *North Briton*? The enthusiastic Party Zeal which rages through all his Papers, tainted the Populace with the same Infection. He set up a Government Regulator, and the Multitude set their Movements by him; but the Principles upon which he went being most absurd, and the Wisdom of our Sovereign greatly disapproving them, he thought fit to shew much Contempt to Royal Prerogative. He also became a Master of the Ceremonies, appointing who was proper and improper to approach the Throne. As soon as he heard Lord *George Sackville* had been at Court, he seemed highly incensed, and so appeared many of his Votaries; but, I believe, it is a most difficult Matter to assign an equitable Reason, why that Nobleman should be debarred that Honour. It is universally known, that his Family have been most faithful Friends and Servants to the present happy Establishment, the House of *Hanover*.

In

In Respect to the Indignity, for which he suffered, it would be ridiculous to enter into a Repetition of the Particulars. His Lordship underwent the Punishment inflicted upon him by the Sentence, with an exaggerated Contempt; but those, who were present at his Trial (which he himself, with great Difficulty, obtained) and have maturely read it, will freely think of the Merits; but, at that Time, it might possibly be more political to let Censure rest here than recoil back to *Minden*; as confused Orders would certainly make a great Blot in Generalship. This seditious Writer has likewise played off his Rhetoric, in order, if possible, to make Havock of a Nation, with whom we have been in Unity (if I am not mistaken) about an Hundred and sixty Years. A Nation, that has shewn themselves as brave and loyal Subjects as my Countrymen, yet with what Indignity have they been treated by him! An Indignity sufficient to enflame an incensed People; but it is an Happiness to see, that their judicious Conduct confines Resentment within proper Bounds. We have been frequently presented with Cards from this zealous Writer, in the Streets, shewing his steady *Patriotism*, and of his Intentions of disclosing future *Facts with minute Precision*. I used to be weak enough to think, he had got the Key of the political Cabinet, until a late Accident, that happened to him, convinced me to the contrary; though, I confess, it has often made me

me laugh, to see Politics given away *gratis* about the Streets like Quack Doctors Bills. It plainly appears, that he had got the Key of Privilege, though not of Politics; by which he obtained his Enlargement. I am always glad to hear of a Man's Enlargement, when set free agreeable to the Laws of this Realm. Privileges and Protections, which evade the Force of the Common Law, though countenanced for many Reasons, are undoubtedly Infringements upon Liberty; but the *North Briton* laid fast hold of that Prerogative, which he never loosed, until it conveyed him safe and secure into his own Parish. When he was brought before a Court of Justice, had he submitted to the ordinary and constitutional Way of giving Bail, resting his Defence upon the Merits of his Case, he then might have made People believe, that what he had done was just and truly *British*; but as *Conscience makes Cowards of us all*, he was sensible, that he had not only shewn Contempt to Majesty, and his Administration, but by his sophistical and delusive Arguments endeavoured to mislead the People, even to the Subversion of Government, and Destruction of Liberty. Had his Arguments prevailed, how deplorable must have been our Situation, nay Majesty would have lain under such Restrictions, that every loyal Subject would have cried, "Have Mercy on him; release the Royal Slave;" but Providence has timely interfered, and Liberty is again our own.

THE
P R E F A C E.

I DO not doubt, but this *Salmagondy* of a Piece will be ushered into Life with theatrical Groans and Hisses by some, and Complaints from others, of its Inaccuracy, and Want of Form, and other Incidents necessary for its Appearance on a public Stage; but as it is, a Babe, that will certainly expire as soon as brought into Life, it was needless to be very exact about its Scimetry. The Parent of this Offspring enjoys the private Satisfaction, that he is out of the Reach of Critics. It being so completely irregular, they cannot fix upon any particular Defects, like a good Swordsman, that attempts to parry against a desperate Bravo, who is governed by no Rules of Art, is soon thrown into Confusion, not knowing where to feel him. However, if the Reader can discover the Intent of this Production, it will fully answer the Author's highest Ambition.

T H E
C A B A L, &c.

Enter Duke SHALLOW and Lord GRIPUS.

Duke Shallow.

WELL, *Gripus*, what think you of Matters now?

Lord Gripus. Why, I apprehend, that we are ousted.

D. S. Being out of the Ministry makes me like a Salmon out of Water. I wish I was reinstated, but I am always guided by you.

L. G. Pray, was it not better for your Grace nobly to resign, than be turned out. I conceive it was. You know there was such a Clamour about *Neglects and doing of Nothing*, that almost affrighted me out of my Senses. As for my Part, I was glad at any Rate to get clear of the Job. I quitted my Office, but it went sorely against me to lose the Pension.

D. S. Then pray, my Lord, why did you not continue in it?

L. G. I humbly apprehend, I might have so done, if I would desist from concerning myself in Government Affairs, which they

told me I knew nothing about, but rather than not be dabbling in the Ministry, I delivered up my Apparatus. Oh! what a glorious Thing was 4000 *l.* a Year, a 1000 *l.* a Quarter, when I think of the golden Heaps it makes my Head turn round.

D. S. Now, what's to be done to get into Play again?

L. G. The Plan is already laid; Colonel *Dreadnought* has got it. He is a resolute Fellow, and will go through Stitch.

D. S. Pray, my dear Lord, let me know the Plan.

L. G. To set the People together by the Ears.

D. S. Very good.

L. G. The Colonel will write a Paper, and stile it, *The North Briton*, and with a patriotic Spirit point out the People's Grievances, how they have been betrayed and imposed upon. Then, by our siding with the Multitude, they'll think no more of what has past, we shall gain their Hearts, and the Business is done.

D. S. Do you imagine the People will ever approve us again?

L. G. Yes, surely! Your Grace must certainly know the Disposition of the *English*. They are a People of a forgiving Temper. Soon angry and soon pleased, and no Nation so easily imposed upon.

D. S. All this, I believe; but, pray my Lord, do you think the Colonel is capable of conducting this Affair properly?

L. G.

L. G. Yes, my Lord, by the Help of the Matter we provide him with, and the Assistance of Dr. *Forefight*, he'll be able to carry it on smoothly.

D. S. Success attend the Scheme: It is just Four o'Clock, I must home, will your Lordship dine with me? I do assure you, my Bill of Fare promises many dainty Dishes To-day.

L. G. Your Grace will be so good as to excuse me, having Part of a broiled Fowl, which by this Time is ready, and it will be wrong to suffer it to be spoiled.

D. S. Adieu, I shall see you again To-morrow.

L. G. I wish your Grace a good Appetite.

D. S. Never fear.

L. G. *Going out.* Oh the 4000 l. a Year, a 1000 l. a Quarter. [Exeunt.]

Enter Printer and Printer's Devil.

Printer. Smut.

Devil. Master.

P. Have you been for the Manuscript To-day?

D. Yes Master, I have got it in my Pocket, and it is a Trimmer; egad, I wish you are not laid by the Heels for publishing it.

P. Pshaw, you talk like a Fool. The Liberty of the Press is not to be touched. It is the greatest Blessing in this Kingdom, and stands inviolable.

D. Do you know, when you have given me Liberty to talk to you, and I have hap-
B 2 pened

pened to speak too freely, you have told me, I was an impudent Hand.

P. What then?

D. Why then, I must say, this is an impudent Paper; that is all: And I would not be the Author, Printer or Publisher of it, for Two Pence Half-penny.

P. You Villain! I have a great Mind to break your Head.

D. Don't be angry, Master; nobody hears but you and I, and it shall go no further. I was told, they all dine together To-day: Odds bud, I would give my whole Week's Wages to lie under the Table, to see when they talk of the *Good of their Country*, and what they do is purely for the *public Benefit*, how they tread upon one another's Toes.

P. Never heed it, Boy; so as it brings Grist to our Mill. But here comes somebody, so we must be gone—Stay, I think it is our Master.

Enter Colonel Dreadnought.

C. D. to Mr. P. What say you to the *North Briton* for Saturday next?

P. Really Sir, I don't know well what to say to it. Only that I am almost afraid to publish it.

C. D. Take my Word for it, you are in no Danger; for be assured, you are under the Protection of that high Authority which will always save you harmless.

P. Then, if that is the Case, good Sir, I will print on without Fear or Dread. Come along, Smut.

[Exeunt Printer and Devil.]

C. D.

C. D. solus. Aut Cæsar aut nullus. Suppose both should fall to my Lot. Why, be it so. Be it so, did I say; I was too hasty. To be imprisoned or exalted, for the Amusement of Travellers, are two Points I am not over and above fond of. But if I do suffer, while in the Service of my Country, I then shall, like the Palm-tree, rise by Oppression: *Pro Bono Publico*, says the Punch Retailer; so say I, and both labour for private Interest. He intoxicates his Customers with Liquors, and gets Money; I drive mine mad with Arguments, and gets what—Promises of Rewards at the sole Disposal of a precarious *If*— So, here comes the Doctor.

Enter Dr. Foresight.

Dr. Foresight, I am glad to see you: I was just thinking of you. Pray, what is your Opinion now?

D. F. If I can prophesy right, we shall soon bring about a Revolution; you'll be a prime Minister, and your humble Servant a Bishop.

C. D. I am glad to hear it; but what says the Coffee House Politicians, I know you crowd amongst them?

D. F. Sir, they are three Parts of them a Parcel of Scoundrels; they say, that you glide upon the Surface of Treason, in Expectation of being silenced with Preferment, and that I scribble for a Dinner; there's Impudence for you!

C. D. Impudence to a Witness! When I have

have told them so often, that I relate nothing but *Facts*, and that what I do is solely for the *Good of my Country*.

D. F. Very true, Sir, but they will not believe it.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's a Gentleman at the Door desires to speak to your Honour.

C. D. Who is it?

S. I don't know him, Sir, but he said his Name was Colonel *Standard*.

D. F. I know him, he is one of the Whig Party, and I prophesy, that he is sent to propose Terms of Peace to you.

C. D. Shew him up.

D. F. Now for it, you see how I foretell Things; you'll have great Promotion soon, and I shall be presented with a Fat Living; I hear him coming; so Sir, for the present, I'll bid you Adieu! [*Exit Doctor.*]

Enter Colonel Standard.

C. D. If I am not mistaken, you are Colonel *Standard*.

C. S. The same, Sir.

C. D. Then I am glad to see you; if my Doctor is a good Fortune-teller, I know the Intent of this Visit; but this I tell you beforehand, it is not a small Matter will do, you must talk in Capitals.

C. S. Then in Capitals I'll speak; you and your Minion are gross Incendiaries, who by your inflammatory Writings disturb the Repose and Quiet of this Nation, under the fal-

lacious

lacious Shew of Friendship and Patriotism. Hast thou not dared to insult the Name of King? Hast thou not endeavoured to make him appear divested of Honour, Truth and Affection towards his faithful People, who most justly adore him? Hast thou not also most grossly abused the hallowed Name of *Liberty*; nay, thou hast attempted to tear her from her Seat, and to force in *Rebellion* to usurp her Throne; but remember, that the deluded Multitude will soon return to Reason, and leave thee exposed to Censure and Contempt.

C. D. Sir, I little expected to be thus attacked.

C. S. What could you otherwise expect, from one who honours his King, and loves his Fellow Subjects.

C. D. Are not my Writings the Oracles of Facts, and the Clue that will lead the People to Happiness?

C. S. They are the Oracles of Deceit, and the Clue that, if followed, must lead us into Destruction and Civil Broils; but the Seeds of Discord, which you have taken indefatigable Pains to sow betwixt the Throne and Subjects, are rotting away, and the Path will become smooth and pleasant, to lead an affectionate People to present their Loyalty at the Feet of their native and beloved Sovereign. Time will not permit me to enter into Particulars, but in brief I tell you, that the Rancour and Party Zeal that rages thro'

your

your Papers are most certainly strong Evidences of your *Honesty*. [Exit.]

Enter Doctor Foresight.

D. F. So, what says Colonel *Standard*? Have you agreed? Does he offer handsomely?

C. D. Oh yes, very handsomely, indeed; you are a Prophet; a very great one!

D. F. Yes, kind Nature, from my Cradle, blest'd me with the Gift of Prophecy; then, Sir, I may venture to give you Joy.

C. D. Yes, you may give me Joy of being honoured with the Title of Incendiary, and a Disturber of the public Peace.

D. F. And, did he dare to tell you so?

C. D. Yes, and as much more.

D. F. Upon my sacred Function, I thought he would have been a welcome Guest; but I know not how I happened to be out.

Enter Messengers.

1st Mes. Sir, I arrest you in the King's Name.

C. D. (*Whispering*) You see, Doctor, how it is, push away. (*Exit Doctor Foresight.* Pray, Mr. Messenger, are those your Orders?

Mes. Sir, they are.

C. D. Then observe, I go with you, but not voluntarily.

Mes. You know, Sir, I must do my Office.

C. D. True.

(*Exeunt, with a Mob hallowing him along.*

A C T II.

*Enter Doctor Foresight alone.**Doctor Foresight.*

WHAT's to be done ; I suppose the Cash will be much wanted ; I have none, and my Patron is sadly out at the Elbows. Who shall I apply to?—His Grace is like him ; Lord *Gripus* won't untie his Bags, unless to put in ; 'Squire *Raynard* will not be seen in it, lest he should loose some lucrative Employment ; and as to Mr. *Trusty*, he associates with our Party, but I don't well know what to make of him ; but I know a Friend in a Corner, so I'll step to him.

*(Exit, knocks at his Lordship's Door.)**D. F.* Is his Lordship at Home ?*Serv.* No, Sir, he's gone to visit Colonel *Dreadnought*.*D. F.* It is well ; then I need say no more ; present my best Respects.*Serv.* Sir, I'll be sure to remember.*Enter Messengers.**1st Mes.* What think you of this Affair, Brother ? They say, we are in the wrong Box.*2d Mes.* I care not what they say, we have obey'd our Orders.*1st Mes.* But he has applied to a Court of Justice ; and I hear he'll be discharged.

2d Mes. With all my Heart. What have we to do with that? — Hark! What Noise do I hear? — Let us see! — Faith, what you said is true! — It is the Rabble huzzaing him Home — Poor unthinking Creatures. — But let us be gone. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Colonel Dreadnought solus.

C. D. Once more I breathe the open Air. Oh! How sweet is Liberty! Thanks to Privilege for it. *Rings a Bell.* *Enter Servant.* Go to Doctor *Forefight*. Tell him to come to me directly. (*Exit Servant.*)

Servant knocks at the Doctor's Door.

Serv. Pray, is Mr. *Forefight* at Home?

Doctor's Serv. Pray, who wants him?

Serv. Tell him, I came from Colonel *Dreadnought*. Oh, yes; he is at Home. (*Enter Doctor.*) So, Mr. *John*, how does my worthy Friend? I hope his Spirits are volatile, and that he bears Duress philosophically?

Serv. Sir.

D. Pray, I hope, he keeps up his Spirits, and that he bears Confinement patiently?

Serv. Confinement, Sir; my Master is at Home, and desires your good Company directly.

D. At Home, 'tis well; *John*, I'll remember you one Day or another for being the Messenger of this joyful News. — Return with Speed, and tell my Friend, I'll wait on him immediately. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter

Enter Colonel Dreadnought solus.

"To be, or not to be, that's the Question?"

To hold high Office in th' Affairs of State,

Or bear some Pension worthy of my Toil;

Would tempt me to throw by my Pen of Gall.

If e're again I dipt in Politics,

I'd shine the ministerial Advocate.

But then the Mob, my friendly Bully-backs,

Would hiss their Patriot as I drove along;

And call me Turncoat, most reviling Name!

But what of that? who would not joyous wear

A more ignoble Badge for noble Gain;

But if nor *Place* nor *Pension* be my Lot;

What then!—Oh insupportable!—

Hark, who comes there to interrupt my Meditation!—It is my Friend the *Doctor*.

Enter Doctor.

D. F. My dear Friend, I can't find Words to express my Joy of visiting you here.

C. D. I do assure you, I have had an hard Struggle to get here; Thanks to my kind Privilege, or I had been still in Limbo.

D. F. Well, good Sir, what's to be done? Are we to sink, or swim?

C. D. I am puzzled to know, whether it is better to sink in Oblivion, or push forwards to the Pinnacle of Popularity? Do you think the Multitude will buoy us up?

D. F. Indeed, they do not seem quite so steady as usual; they begin to waver much.

C. D. Do they so. Then I'll withdraw, and visit my Patrons for fresh Facts, which I'll publish with minute Precision, and I'll rally

them together again, I'll warrant you. A-
dieu. *(Exit.)*

D. F. See, how he labours in his Coun-
try's Cause! A Miracle of a Man! He is
now gone to Council to consult your Wel-
fare: Nay, do not laugh; if you are of
different Opinions, it will be fruitless in me
to attempt an Alteration; so, I bid you fare-
well. *(Exit.)*

*Discord ascends surrounded with Demons,
with the North Briton in her Hand:*

Disc. Once more I trample on this happy Land,
In adamantinè Chains my Doom was fixed,
To vent my Rage amidst the Tæns below;
But for the Magic of thy pow'rful Aid.

(Pointing to the North Briton.)

Come then, thou bold Usurper of my Right,
Close will I place thee to my burning Heart:
Thro' this fair Isle thy Doctrines shall be spread,
And Infants shall be taught thy baneful Creed.

What rumbling Noise salute my listening Ear?
Most pleasing Harmony!

'Tis Insurrection, and her fiery Train,
With the *North Briton* figur'd on her Banners.

This is a Sight will make pale Honour shake,
And seek Protection at the Sovereign's Throne.

Returning Peace has spread her downy Bed,
To rest secure upon this favourite Spot;

The Peasant has laid down the Arms of Death,
And rests the easy Sickle on his Shoulder;

The Matin Lark now tunes him to the Field,
And lures him to forget the Toils of War.

But

But soon the Scene shall change to Civil Broils,
My dire Designs shall thunder thro' the North,
And rouse Rebellion from her gloomy Cell.
But hold : — Those dastard Souls long since
revolted,

And rashly draw the Sword of Loyalty.

Where is our General to lead them on?

O! here he comes, most welcome to my
Wishes.

Enter Colonel Dreadnought.

Colonel, you long have been my Favourite,
On your intrepid Boldness I rely.

Rally our Friends, invite the Multitude,
Under the Mask of patriotic Zeal,
And the rash Mob will hurry to thy Standard.

C. D. Dread Deity ! My Tears forebode th'Event
Of your Atchievements. The crowding Rioters
Who listen'd to my Tale daily desert,
Tearing Destruction, hover round their King.
Instead of loud Huzza's I meet Revilings :
That's he, say they, that vainly dares to fright
Our *British* King into a Change of Measures.
Send him to Justice, let him there be taught
The Duty that is due to King and People.

Discord. What do I hear!
Has pale Reflection seiz'd thy trembling Soul ?
Did I for this accept thy Invitation ?
For this call Insurrection to my Aid ?
Rebels, like thee whose Case is desperate ;
Their Purpose should pursue through Seas of
Blood,
Or fall undaunted in the black Attempt.

May Hemlock crown thy Brow. — Then
may'st thou stand
The Lash of Censure, and the Scoff of
Cowards. (Exit.

C. D. So, I have done my Business. This
is gaining Preferment with a Witness. I
don't in the least doubt, but I shall soon
be exalted. I must be dabbling in Poli-
tics. This is the Event of being the Tool
of a Party, who as soon as I have over-
shot the Mark desert me. I am now ful-
ly convinced, that he who gains Popula-
rity through unjustifiable Measures will fall
a Sacrifice even to his Worshippers. But
why do I stand contemplating here. I have
nothing to do, but away to *France*; so to
Calais Hoy! and the Devil take you all.
(Exit.

*Liberty descends, supported by Peace on
one Side, and Plenty on the other,
guarded by a National Militia, with
Lord Valiant at their Head.*

Liberty speaking to the People.

Bless, my dear Children, I forgive you all;
Thrice happy may you be till Time's no more:
Let not delusive Arguments prevail
O'er any of my Sons to shut out Reason.
Love Virtue, and you'll love your King. A
Prince
Who with unshaken Zeal in your Defence

Has

Has stemm'd the Torrent of rebellious Faction,
A Prince who's proud of his Nativity,
And makes me Guardian of his *British* Crown.

Speaking to Lord Valiant.

Draw near, my Lord. — You was once my
Pupil,
When at my Knee you used to prattling stand;
I oft have said:— This Youth when grown a
Man
Must wear a Coif to cover his bald Pate.
A Coif you wear indeed with Laurels deck'd,
And may thy Virtues ever save their Verdure.
These Trophies are thy own, thy Property
Purchas'd at th'Expende of great Atchieve-
ments,
I'll add a Gilding to these Ornaments,
In grateful Recompence of thy Bravery.

Lord Valiant.

Great Parent of us all.—To Heaven alone
We owe Success.—I covet not Rewards,
More than to hear my loyal Brothers say,
I've done my Duty worthy your Son.
Bestow your Bounties on those Veterans,
My gallant Soldiers, who with eager Toil
Rush'd on impetuous, and bore down our Foe,
T'obtain these Glories, which I now enjoy.
Let them, kind Goddess, be your chieftest Care,
I then shall be most amply recompenc'd.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY.

A Soul like thine so brave, so liberal,
 Adds Lustre to the Trophies which you wear.
 As I look round I see a general Smile,
 All ready to rejoice at my Return. (*A Shout.*
 Now to the Throne, where I shall fix my
 Rest.

Let not, my Sons, Licentiousness enslave
 That Freedom which to you alone I gave;
 Destructive Faction shun, and then you'll be
 The truly happy Sons of LIBERTY.

F I N I S.

11 NO 68

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